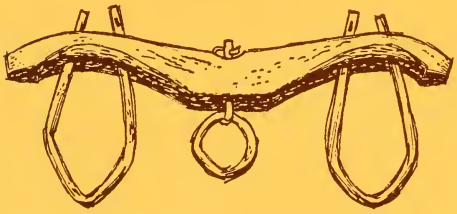
YOUNG ABE LINCOLN

S. LOUISE MARSH

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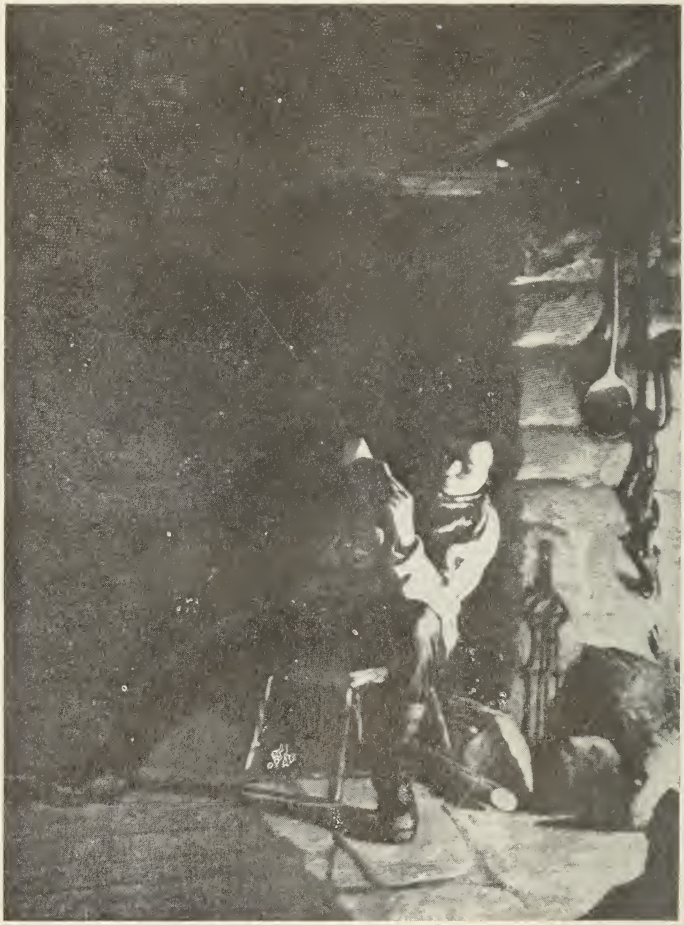
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THE BOY LINCOLN READING BY THE LIGHT OF THE FIRE
(After a painting by Eastman Johnson made in 1868)

YOUNG ABE LINCOLN

A COTTON BOWL OF LINCOLN STORIES FOUNDED ON TRADITION

TOLD BY AUNT ANN OF INDIANA

BY

S. LOUISE (COTTON) MARSH



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B2M35y
LINCOLN
ROOM

DEDICATED TO MY
DEAR FRIEND
AND CO-WORKER
MARY CORNELIUS WHITE

H SEARCY
E457.55

FOREWORD

OBJECT OF BOOK

Young Abe Lincoln

If this book has increased the desire of American citizens to go forward with the proposed Lincoln Memorial for Nancy Hanks Lincoln and young Abe, in Spencer, Indiana where young Abe spent the formative period of his life, efforts of the author have not been in vain.

Boys and girls of today will be the citizens of tomorrow and should be justly proud of their Lincoln heritage and help put the Lincoln Memorials for Nancy Hanks Lincoln and young Abe over for monuments for all time.

NOTE

Aunt Ann was a woman much beloved by the children for the stories she told and the candy pulls she gave to them. When she departed to live in a great city, thirty-five or more children followed her to the depot. While she was gone they were quite lonely. Upon her return they were quite eager to see her. They cried, "Aunt Ann is coming! Goody, Goody!" At the time of her death when she was taken back for burial in Lincoln Ferry County, do you wonder that hundreds came with floral offerings, especially children forgetting their creed—a source of joy and heartfelt appreciation to her relatives.

Mrs. S. Louise (Cotton) Marsh, a pioneer, was one of the first, if not the first, in the movement that brought to light the middle link or formative years which has been the neglected part of Lincoln's life, as is disclosed in her article in the National Republic, January 31st 1925, entitled "Where Abraham Lincoln Grew to Manhood," and through her speeches during many years.

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I.

Young Abe Lincoln

In a log cabin at Nolan's Creek, Hardin County, Kentucky, on Sunday, February 12th, 1809, the boy Lincoln breathed his first breath of life. As the saying goes, 'Sunday's child has far to go,'—which was surely true of Abe Lincoln. Judging from his home surroundings, his anchor hung on a slender string but his birth-place possessed a soul—for a home with one good book in it, has a soul; this book was the Bible, which molded his mind and manners, and made him the matchless man he became. Some biographers say that Abe made his advent in life during a snow storm, which represented his life of storm and stress. The following is symbolic of Lincoln and has been dedicated to him.

Good Timber

The tree that never had to fight
  For sun and sky and air and light
That stood out in the open plain
  And always got its share of rain
Never became a forest king
  But lived and died a scrubby thing.

The man who never had to toil,
  Who never had to win his share
Of sun and sky and light and air,
  Never became a manly man,
But lived and died as he began.

Good timber does not grow in ease;
The stronger wind the tougher trees
The farther sky the greater length
The more the storm the more the strength
By sun and cold by rain and snows
In tree or man timber grows.

Where thickest stands the forest growth
We find the patriarch of both,
And they hold converse with the stars
Whose broken branches show the scars
Of many winds and much of strife,
This is the common law of life.

His cabin home with its pioneer training gave him little opportunity for schooling. When Abe was about seven years of age his father, Tom Lincoln, settled in Indiana on a little farm near Gentryville, Spencer County, where the country was so new that Tom had to cut his way at times to continue their journey. Southern Indiana at that time had little convenience to offer any living being. Their first landing in Southern Indiana was at Troy on the Ohio River. The old biographers give the landing of the Lincoln family below Troy, near the Anderson Creek Ferry, situated in what is now Perry County, and the little village was known as Maxville. From an old document found in the Court House in Cannelton, Perry County, Indiana, by Clarence Leaf, a few months ago the following has recently been given to the public. "Abraham Lincoln who is held to have crossed the Ohio river with his father, Thomas Lincoln and family at Grandview, probably crossed at Tobinsport, it has been disclosed by an old document found in the recorder's office."

Clarence Leaf, present operator of the Tobinsport-Cloverport ferry, while looking through an old trunk which contained some old deeds, ran onto a faded document written by his grandfather, Jacob Weatherholt, Jr., who at that time owned much of the land in

Tobin township bottoms. Mr. Leaf brought the document to the court house where he inquired for the recorder, James Nix, who was at that time out. The document found by Mr. Leaf told of another document in the records of Perry County, a duplicate of the one held. Mr. Leaf and Mr. Doogs, deputy auditor, went to the recorder's office where they found the document mentioned. Judge O. C. Minor later heard the story and looked it up and holds that the record would hold as prima facie evidence in any court of law.

The document reads in exact: "Sealed August 20, 1866

"Memory of Jacob Weatherholt, Jr., at this writing seventy one years of age.

"From 1866 back fifty years to 1816 the year Indiana became a state Abraham Lincoln to whom I am refering to this day and age was one of the greatest land marks of America. My father, Jacob Weatherholt, Sr., ferried Thomas Lincoln and family wife Nancy, daughter Sarah and son Abraham age eleven years from the hills of Kentucky to Indiana consisting of a yoke of oxen, a cow, a cart and some camping outfit by canoe and a dog and raft of logs. From what is known as Clover Creek Ky to Indiana and landed on land and camped over night on land I now own, and hold deed for referrence and next day made his way down the Indiana Banks of the Ohio By Indian trails and Paths and camped the second night at what is known as Rock Island where General La Fayette was wrecked in 1825, and then made way to his New Indiana Home where he had taken up a Federal land Claim before at Vincennes and from this on not all dates I can give. In fall of 1818 Thomas Lincoln wife died from one of the world greatest dread at that time Milch sickness and for funeral services no preacher could be had as preachers was few, a letter was sent back to the old Kentucky Home for a preacher and to the best of my recall His name was Parson Elkins. In spring of 1819 he came and preached Nancy funeral. In the fall of 1819 Thomas Lincoln returned to his old Kentucky

Home by same trail and Brought back with him his second wife by the name of Sarah Bush Johnston etc," and whom we will speak of later.

Thomas Lincoln was a philosopher. The building of the home so that it opened to the south that the sun and light might come through to warm and light it was proof of this. History has misrepresented him in saying that he was shiftless. It is true he moved often but he was not lazy or shiftless. The pioneer spirit was one of adventure, to find better land and home for his family. He had many lines of work, farming, cabin making etc. In the settlement in Southern Indiana he made furniture and coffins for the neighbors. One of his corner cupboards is still in existence and owned by one of his old neighbor's sons.

On a little farm near Gentryville, Spencer County, Tom Lincoln and his family cleared the land and built themselves a rough dwelling, a "half faced camp." This afforded a little less shelter than the tepees of the Indians, who still lingered in the Indiana forests. This home could scarcely be used today as a barn in the same locality. Heat and light came from a crude fireplace intermittently.

Southern Indiana was a transplanted Kentucky. However, the neighbors from all points of the United States of America dwelt here in great harmony. Hence the Universality. So much so was this manifest that a Union neighbor kept the valuables of a Southern sympathiser. A family by the name of David Turnham was a neighbor of the Lincolns. They had other neighbors who were all about in the same circumstances, the Lincolns being no poorer than their neighbors. Many of them were descendents of good families in Kentucky and Virginia—the offspring of the younger sons left no inheritance under the precedents of that day. Here in the "Penny-Rile" Hills of Spencer and Perry Counties, Southern Indiana, young Abe waxed strong and grew to manhood.

They were wise in the lore of the forests and every day life, with much of wit and humor, and a spirit of

independence born of necessity and self-reliance. The Indianan of that day was much like the Virginian of the period which produced the greatest crop of human character and ability that ever sprang from the soil of a single common-wealth.

About the age of ten, Lincoln attended the first Indiana school which was kept by Andrew Crawford. He had also a teacher by the name of Hazel Dorsey. This school was not far from Abe's home. Abe, being one of the few that could write, went about writing letters at the age of ten for the neighbors who could not read or write. Tom Lincoln was taught writing by his wife. The first book young Abe studied while in Kentucky was the Kentucky Preceptor.

Books to the pioneer settlers of the Lincoln Ferry Country (Southern Indiana) were as essential as bread. What these first English settlers fed the minds of their children was as essential as their daily bread and they educated their children as far as was in their power knowing that mind makes the man. Young Abe stood the acid test which with patience made him one of God's best scholars. God is said to give hardest lessons to the obedient. This was Lincoln's anchor. In comparison take Aaron Burr for an example. He was a bright college lad who had no patriotism or religion. He went down without success. If religious principles and Pioneer spirit, Folk lore etc., are things of the past in American life, what will be the result? Are Americans to take this in ease while it seems atheism is abroad in our land? Our constitution's basic principle is being attacked. What Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln—the Triumverate of the American constitution—upheld, must live. We would not go back to the pioneer days to live as they lived, but returning to the great basic principle of their spirit, we can yet gain strength and go forward.

Abe was very handy with the axe and was often kept out of school to assist his father. While in Spencer County he attended several schools. While attending the school instructed by Andrew Crawford,

who taught manners as well as "book larnin' ", Abe wrote his first essay on "Kindness to Animals." It was in this essay that he showed his first thought was sympathy for God's dumb creatures, which characteristic was shown through his whole life—relieving the suffering of the oppressed through some kind act.

Abe's first real sorrow was in the death of his mother, Nancy Hanks. She was a frail, delicate woman and soon succumbed to an epidemic which from time to time made the woods full of malaria. This was on October 5th 1818. After the death of his mother his father made a coffin from lumber cut out of logs by a whip saw and put togeher with wooden pegs. She was buried on a hillside near the little cabin home. Her body in its rude coffin was pulled on a sled to its last resting place. There was no ceremony and no preacher, just a few friends and the sorrowing family. The boy Abe was sad over the hurried event, and three months later summoned a traveling circuit rider, Parson Elkins, by letter whom he induced to go with him to his mother's grave to deliver a sermon in her honor. This was an event full of sadness. Her death cast a shadow over his whole life, for he cared for his mother in her last illness as tenderly as any girl, reading the same scriptures that she had taught to him. This was a great comfort to her in her dying hours.

Thomas Lincoln, after the death of his wife, found life an uphill struggle and finally, about a year later, he returned to the old home in Kentucky and while there met a former sweetheart, Sarah Bush Johnson, who had been married and widowed. Thomas proposed marriage and was accepted. On December 2nd 1819, they were married and soon left for the Indiana home. Ralph Krume, who had married Mary Lincoln, sister of Thomas, was pressed into service with his four horse team to transport the new Mrs. Lincoln with her three children, Elizabeth, Matilda and John and her husband, Thomas. On their arrival in Indiana,

they were greeted by Abraham and Sarah Lincoln and Dennis Hanks.

Although Lincoln's people were in poverty at the time of his youth, his life should not be pictured as the poverty of the slum. It is true the Lincolns were poor but after the second marriage of Tom Lincoln the home life was more attractive for the second wife brought her household goods, which were beyond the ordinary, with her. After their marriage, there was no lack of amusement or social enjoyment. The country store, the occasional church service, the neighborhood quiltings, corn huskings and other social assemblages, and best of all, the open forum at the country store, were occasions for Lincoln's wit and wisdom. Homely as it seemed then it soon gave him leadership.

Abe's stepmother, Sarah Bush Johnson, was a Christian woman of considerable force, therefore succeeded in having Thomas Lincoln, Abe's father, consent to his reading and going to school. She was a woman of some education and like Abe's own mother was a godly woman. She became interested in Abe's education from the start and did much to encourage him for she recognized the boy's keen mind for learning. His own mother was of the submissive type of woman, very spiritual, and most biographers are of the opinion that it was from her that young Abe inherited his sweet and kindly disposition. Dr. Denton J. Snider, author of "The Universal Lincoln" gives this opinion. Young Abe was fortunate in one thing at least—that he had the influence of two godly women, his own mother and his stepmother. Abe and his stepmother became friends from the start. The neglected lad's heart responded to Sarah's. It is said of him that although like all small boys there was an inclination to avoid the washing of the neck and ears daily, Abe was obedient to his stepmother and submitted to the scrubbing soon after she arrived. When she appealed to him to be more tidy with his personal appearance he replied, "Never mind, mother, who

knows, I may be President of the United States someday." Abe was about twelve years of age at this time and this statement was prophetic.

Picture a boy of ten years of those days reading the Bible. Books that appealed to most lads were not often read by Abe. When not reading he was engaged in earning money by doing chores for neighbors. Small wages they were but every cent was a help to his father. Abe worked for James Taylor who ran the Ferry and who was a Southern sympathizer. Green Taylor younger than young Abe Lincoln never thought of the great part Abe was to render his country in later years at the time he, Abe, was engaged as a helper in the Taylor family. The Taylors were the highest class citizens of this day. Young Abe was more than the "hired hand." He was called upon for many things, about the Taylor home and being obliging he was talked about as being the "hired girl." This is a good illustration of the axiom that the first shall be last, and the last shall be first. However, it was not hard for Uncle David Turnham or Andrew Crawford, Abe's teacher, to understand Abe reaching the heights, for they realized he was an unusual lad. Here he waxed in strength and stature. The struggle was hard. The none too fertile soil yielded them only a bare living. This farm was later called the Lincoln Farm and is near the present town of Lincoln City. Gentryville was the cross-roads trading and voting place where the Lincolns made their modest purchases and received their mail during Lincoln's life in this locality.

Abe's stepmother always spoke of him as the best boy she had ever known. She often protected him against his father's opposition to his reading habit. Tom Lincoln thought his son too strong a youth "to take to learning." Abe improved his time by reading at every spare moment. Five miles was not too long a distance to walk to borrow a book which was his only means of securing an education. At one time he walked seventeen miles to borrow a book from a pio-

neer. A story worth repeating is told in connection with his days of schooling under the instruction of Andrew Crawford. A book had been loaned Abe by the schoolmaster and in some way it had become damaged—some say he left it in the rain for he worked and read at the same time but this was unlike Abe. Others say the book was damaged by rain dripping through the roof while Abe was asleep and this seems to be a more likely story. Abe was tall and awkward, clumsy and shy, with bare feet a long way below his trousers. Picture him dressed in just such a fashion with a book under his arm on the way to return it. As he spoke to the owner and turned over the discolored leaves, he looked the picture of distress. "Mr. Crawford," he said, "I am very sorry that an accident happened to your book. Last night I read by the fireplace till bedtime, and then took the book to the cabin loft with me to read until I had burned up a short end of the candle." "Did you fall asleep a-reading, Abe, and did the straw catch fire, and then did you souse the book tryin' to put the fire out?", questioned the owner. There was a twinkle in Mr. Crawford's eye as he asked Abe these questions. But Abe was serious and went on to explain. "I did not fall asleep, Mr. Crawford, for the book was the most interesting one I had ever read. When the candle burned out I laid the book on the straw beside me, close against the logs. But you know it rained in the night, and the cabin is not very tight, so the rain came through. How much is that book worth, Mr. Crawford?" "Oh, I reckon it's worth seventy-five cents, Abe," answered the schoolmaster. "Well," continued Abe, "I've almost ruined it, Mr. Crawford, and I think I ought to pay for it. I have no money, but I can work for you, if that will do. I am willing to help you three days in your corn cutting."

Mr. Crawford reckoned that would be about right. Later Abe was returning home feeling that he had fully repaid Mr. Crawford for the damage done, when Mr. Crawford called to him. "Hold on there, Abe, I

don't want to sell that book and keep it, too. You made as good a hand cutting corn as any on the place and that book is yours."

Abe was greatly affected. He told Mr. Crawford he had not thought of such a thing but he saw it was fair, and he did love the book, which was Weems' "Life of Washington"—a thrilling book to Abe. This story planted the seed that he, Abe, in later life was the man to uphold the constitution in his day, which proves truth lives on and on. It also produced the great Folk Soul in Lincoln that cried out for "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people." What can take the place of Folk-Lore?

With a light and happy heart the country boy walked home that night with the cherished book under his arm. Many years after when Lincoln became President, he used to say that the possession of that book, the first he had ever owned, gave him greater pleasure and pride than he had felt in his election to the presidency. Many years later he used to refer to this book, which gave him many fine ideals and above all, truth and honesty.

He had read as many as twelve books in these years of his youth, in Southern Indiana—among which were "Aesop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," Pilgrim's Progress," and a history of the United States. These books laid the foundation for his unusual mental powers and his greatness was manifested even in early manhood. Abe as a lad could mount the stump and make a speech and make discourses to younger children who would listen to him while their parents were at church.

It was here he had his early impressions, and underwent many struggles with poverty in his cabin home. Trials were overcome by great sacrifice and hard work and as obstacles appeared in his path, he persevered and mastered them. When his troubles were too great, he took them to God—so he told later in life.

This backwood youth, whose loneliness and melancholy sat upon him, whose seriousness was sometimes pathetic, learned his lessons of life early, and they left

their imprint upon his heart and mind and actions through his future years. He was a man of sorrows—for he lost all that he ever loved. There was even sadness in his humor—for he carried the sorrows of others—knowing the vicissitudes and weariness of humanity at its early tasks. Those pioneer ancestors wrestled a living out of the stubborn soil by constant toil.

Lincoln's schooling was confined to a few months under a master whose knowledge of Greek and Latin made him seem a "wizard" to the pioneers. No one had a greater hunger for knowledge than Lincoln. His opportunity to read was limited. Few newspapers came to the community. While he was working in the vicinity of Gentry's store, which was also the post-office, he doubtless took advantage of reading whatever periodicals presented themselves.

It was a noteworthy fact that while Lincoln was within immediate reach of such limited opportunities for schooling, seventy miles west through the forest, was a community, New Harmony, which had at the time what the famous Albert Gallatin said were "the finest schools in the world" for the education of youth. They were modeled after the school of Pestalozzi in Switzerland by members of that remarkable group which assembled around Robert Owen in his great communistic experiment.

Perhaps it is not a misfortune that young Abe had to rely on the resources of his own back-woods community; better scholastic training might have changed the whole current of his life. The books that were within his reach were of the best and that book—the Bible—represented great literature, both in prose and verse and nearly every literature form, and he knew it intimately. His schoolmates said he was always at the head of his class, and even passed them in his studies.

His stepmother made it possible for him to read at home without being disturbed, and he read and studied while at rest from work and sometimes on Sunday. He was striving to express himself—writing on bits

of paper, marking on boards and putting his thought into words. Studying expression, we would say—and acquiring clearness of style. What an example of studiousness! Memorizing phrases of good, pure English from these books and meditating on them until he understood their meaning and then translating them into his own style of speech. This is proof that there may be some truth in the saying that Hoosier cradles have pencil and pad of paper in them. Then, the fact that Indiana was first to have a Traveling library did much to make so many great story tellers in its Pioneer days which, in turn, resulted in it having many writers in a later day. Their great love of home life, mothers, wives, and children, without artificiality, has made many statesmen. Later in life Abe Lincoln wrote his greatest masterpiece, "The Gettysburg Speech," a classic in modern literature.

Young Abe Lincoln, at the time he made trips to Grandview, Indiana, was a tall, strong boy. The following incident is often told of his trip to Hammond tannery to have a hide tanned for his father. Upon presenting the hide to the tanner he said, "Here's my father's hide. Tan it!" Abe was quite a wrestler and showed great strength in his wrestling bouts. Young Abe made several visits to Grandview for the purpose of helping to load loop poles in addition to bringing hides to the tannery to be tanned.

Remote as the Gentryville neighborhood was from the currents of civilization, there was much there to appeal to the spirit of adventure. Only three years before the Lincolns came to Indiana, which became a state the year of the Lincoln migration, the battle of Tippecanoe had been fought within the Indiana territory. The possibility of Indian forays was not over. There were deer, bears, and "catamounts" in the forest.

At this time the Ohio River was the great thoroughfare of travel in the Middle-West, and was but a few miles away from the Lincoln home. This was the scene of young Abe's first forthfaring adventure.

Here he took employment as "skipper" of a ferry. He also made flat-boat trips.

Tradition has it that young Abe's only adverse contact with the law was when he began his work as a ferry-man without knowing that a ferryman's license was necessary, and he was arrested and fined for his oversight. Lincoln, having suffered persecution for ignorance of the law and things in general, his very soul was athirst for more understanding and knowledge. When he was about eighteen he began to ferry for James Taylor, pork-packer, flatboatman, and leading citizen of that day in Maxville, Southern Indiana. Young Abe left his oars outside the log school-house—next the door. When people came and called to be ferried across the Anderson Creek, the teacher excused Abe. He came out, grabbed his oars, and made for the Anderson Creek Ferry.

Not quite a mile above the Anderson Ferry was the nearest post-office, at Troy near the mouth of Anderson Creek in Perry County. Here young Abe spent about a year ferrying. This beautiful Creek was not navigable for steamboats. He was paid about eight or ten dollars per month for this service, the first real wages he earned.

It was his habit to sit in the shade of a tree on the bank of the river, patiently waiting with his oars, to take a passenger over, and, as always, with a book to improve the time.

He said his very first dollar was thrown to him by a passenger as a "tip" for unusual attentions.

The old log house, with its veneer of weather boards, still stands on the banks of the Ohio River, near Anderson Creek. This building is the last one standing today. It was in this humble place and at an early age that his leadership was recognized by his companions. About this time, 1828, young Abe, assisted in a river trip to New Orleans, and his story-telling ability, wit and good humor, made him the center of attraction. It is said that "when he appeared in company, the boys would gather and cluster around him to hear him talk.

Mr. Lincoln was figurative in his speech, talks and conversation. "He argued much from analogy, and explained things hard for us to understand," says his early companions, "telling us by story, maxim, takes and figures." He would almost always point his lesson or idea by some story that was plain and near to them, that they might instantly see the force and bearing of what he said.

When he was on this trip to New Orleans, as a flatboat hand, it was in this city that he witnessed a slave auction—which so impressed him with pity and sympathy for the negro—that he made the remark "if he ever had a chance to hit this, he would hit it hard," which he did in the Emancipation Proclamation.

Lincoln's river knowledge accounted for his settlement later at New Salem, Ill., on the Sangamon River, a place he first saw from the deck of a river boat, or raft.

His first knowledge of a circuit court room was at Boonville, where he went to witness a murder trial. Here he heard a speech by a famous Kentucky orator, which so thrilled him that he pressed forward at the close of court to shake the hand of the lawyer. This incident perhaps first attracted Abe Lincoln to the law. He studied zealously in his cabin home from a book which he borrowed from the settlement constable, David Turnham, and which was the Revised Statutes of Indiana.

Abe Lincoln began his practice of law after he had failed as a country store keeper in Illinois, and before his admission to the bar. He served his clients for nothing.

Following are a few interesting incidents that occurred in his life.

One of the boyhood friends of Abe Lincoln, Green B. Taylor, (afterward Captain Taylor) son of James and Appie Taylor, for whom Lincoln ran the ferry, were pals in this Lincoln Ferry Country. They husked corn, went to spelling bees and occasionally had a fight over being teased about the lassies they were trying

"to shine up to." It was during the season that Abe was operating the ferry across the Anderson Creek. It was a rainy day and the two boys were told to go into the crib and husk corn. While they were husking corn Abe taunted Green about a certain girl in Troy that he, Green, did not like and kept it up until Green tore the husk off a big ear of corn and threw the ear at Abe. It struck him just above the eye and the scar remained through life. Naturally, the corn husking ceased and cheers went up and cries, "Go it, boys," and "I'll bet on Abe," etc. made the old barn ring. Soon the boys were rolling in the corn and scattering it in their tumbling about. James Taylor, hearing the scuffling and being a stern, thrifty man, expected work out of his "hands"—hence the fight was concluded. We have no doubt whatever that Abe would have won for he was quite apt in wrestling and fair fighting.

Lincoln had a sister Sarah, three years older than himself, who had married and died at an early age, and who lies buried in a cemetery near Lincoln City. Grigsby Station, near Lincoln City, Indiana, is the place made famous by Whitcomb Riley's poem "Grigsby Station." Abe's sister Sarah married Aaron Grigsby.

Grigsby Station

"I want to go a visitin' back to Grigsby's station,
Where the latch-string's hanging from the door,
And every neighbor's dear as a relation,
Back where we used to be so happy and poor."

Abe Lincoln visited the graves of his mother and sister in 1844, thirteen years after his migration to Illinois. He wrote a sentimental poem inspired by the feelings which came over him as he realized the changes which death had made in his childhood home. The saddest days of his youth were spent in Spencer

County, where he lost his mother, and had no one to care for him but his sister Sarah. The death of his mother made a deep impression on his heart—and those who read his life as a boy can picture his tender and sad experiences. They can see his father, hewing out the coffin from rough boards and the simple burial afterward.

How far the good-hearted neighbors had to come to do their little sympathetic acts—and how the boy must have been touched when he thought of his mother's sacrifices, suffering and love! He remembered it always and could not rest until he found a preacher three months later to have a service over his mother's grave.

These early losses in his life saddened him to such an extent that his loneliness stood out upon him—his utter lack of grace or pretentiousness enhancing that loneliness and humility. The lonely rugged pine, standing out, up and alone among its fellows. Not unlike Shakespeare, who suffered loss of his loved ones, and perhaps others we could call to mind, made great by these sacrifices.

Perhaps we can picture Abe as he rode to the grist mill with corn to be ground—a tall, lanky youth, legs dangling, meditating as he went. The old mill is a land-mark, several miles from his home in Spencer County, Indiana. Huffman's Mill, it was called and the old bridge, which spans the creek, was built before his day. It is not unlike the old double bridge, that spanned the ferry over the Anderson Creek. The old mill, a landmark of yesterday, was run by water power, and is now a great place as a fishing resort.

Young Lincoln was a friend of the lads of the Huffman family and they had their thrills of youth together. Very mild they were compared with those of the youth of today. The cleanliness of his youth, sowing no wild oats, made him the great outstanding American, whose life was so sensitive to right and wrong. His clearness of vision was so true, he could

not be misled. He became a reader of character and at the time of the Civil War saw what men were.

Speaking of thrills—young Abe had his and enjoyed them as much as does the youth of today. One day as Abe was using his axe on logs, Matilda sprang on his back as a joke. He swung his axe suddenly around, which accidently struck her foot. Abe quickly tore off a piece of his shirt and cleansed the wound. Although the other five children of the Lincolns, Hanks, and Johnson families wanted young Abe to tell them how it all happened, Abe refused and carried Matilda home. Immediately upon his arrival he told his stepmother, Sarah, the real truth. His education, his moral principles, his love for truth and honesty, and his kindness to all, were inculcated in his life as he roamed the pleasant hills and fertile valleys of Spencer County, Indiana.

In 1830 Thomas Lincoln, his wife, Sarah Bush Lincoln, and Abraham, now a young man of twenty-one, and the families of Dennis Hanks and Levi Hall, who had married Matilda and Sarah Johnson, numbering thirteen in all, emigrated to Illinois. Abe was now noted as the young man who had read "twelve books." He had not only read them, he knew them "by heart" and what he gleaned from them, the world well knows. The youth of today who spurn the small beginnings, would do well indeed to take his early life as an example.

The "Penny-rile" Hills of Spencer and Perry County, Southern Indiana, gave the foundation to young Abe, who became the greatest pioneer, hoosier story teller, and later the greatest folk soul America ever produced. The world clamored for his democracy. His great spirit lived during the World War—all nations were seeking this spirit.

Lincoln was "a man of a right spirit—not a man of narrow and private views, but great understanding—interested and concerned for the good of the community to which he belonged, and particularly of the city or village in which he resided." Having touched hu-

manity at all points himself, knowing much sorrow, he shed his sympathy on American ideals—that spirit having reached around the World. The formative period of his life, fourteen years spent in the "Penny-rile" Hills of Southern Indiana, gives this literary state the honor of sending out the greatest Folk Soul America ever produced. "To this part of the United States belongs the honor of sending out many characters that have made the national capitol, New York, and other metropolises sit up and tak enotice. And yet some would ask of this place as they did of the humble home of Christ, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

It was in this part of the United States that the spirit of universal democracy was cradled by Lincoln. During the World War this spirit was more vital than ever. We had proof of this in the lectures made in this country at that time, and later, by Lloyd George and others. To those who are heir to this heritage it was gratifying to have it recognized. It was yet more gratifying to present Lloyd George a copy of a letter from Lincoln, when he was here after the war, trying to unite the two great English speaking nations. The letter was presented to Lloyd George as a symbol of democracy.

II.

LINCOLN'S REVERENCE IN HIS YOUTH

Has the present generation as much reverence for home, God, or Country as Lincoln had in his youth? Contrast the reverence of Lincoln's youth, for law, home, mother, and country with the present day of frivolity and insincerity; the modern rush with no time for study, with Lincoln's quiet and determined attitude to become a scholar. The day of small beginnings is past in America. "Lest We Forget" how Lincoln succeeded—his life was founded on love, for his fellow men—love, reverence, and discipline made him.

III.

FAMILY WORSHIP IN LINCOLN CABIN

The one great blessing they had was the undisturbed worship of God. With grace at the table and reading of scripture, prayers at night when each member knelt down before his chair; prayers over the boys who climbed the ladder to the loft, sleeping on beds of straw or shucks; hard beds and hard tasks, with faith in God, made them characters that never flinched at duty, ever ready to press on to their goal. The Little Pigeon Creek Baptist Church made of logs, was the place they attended Church, having a circuit rider that preached at least every month. It was a great event when "meetin' Day" at this church came with the Circuit Rider. They were men of different denominations, too. Hence Lincoln's broad religious views. Pioneers accepted things as they came, with no complaint.

IV.

YOUNG ABE'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT LOVE

When he was about eighteen in the Lincoln Ferry Country, living in a log cabin in Spencer County, Southern Indiana, picking the rudiments of education in the intervals of rail splitting and plowing he fell in love with the daughter of a poor Irish settler in a neighboring log cabin, and after many clumsy failures to declare his love to her in person, he penned with difficulty one of his first letters asking her to become his wife. He never received an answer to his "clumsy effusion" as he afterward called it, but when next he met Bridget she tossed her head and looked another way. "She was much too good" she said to marry a gawky farm hand. It was not long after that young Abe left the paternal cabin and voyaged as a hired hand and a flatboatman into the greater world which before long was destined to ring with the fame of the gawky farm boy. Thirty years later Lincoln became President. Bridget was still living the slatterly wife of a farm laborer in a log cabin and still preserved the penned letter which had she been wise would have made her the first lady in the land.

Abe and Katy Roby were friends, and she and the rest of the young folks would gather around young Abe and hear him tell stories. They thought him a very learned young man. Southern Indiana, Lincoln City now, in early day Gentryville was a fine place for young Abe to study and develop his mental powers as well as his physical strength. With his axe slung over his shoulder the maul and wedge and Ferryman's oars he grew into a clean minded youth, strong in soul and body.

V.

YOUNG ABE ESCAPED DEATH TWICE

On two occasions young Abe had accidents that almost deprived him of life. Austin Gollaher, Lincoln's playmate rescued him from drowning in Knob Creek, before he left Kentucky. He was not more than seven years of age, since he left Kentucky before he was eight years of age.

After reaching the Southern Indiana settlement he rode the old grey mare to the Grist Mill, with bag of shelled corn to be ground into meal. It was Abe's turn to furnish the horse power for grinding the corn into meal. The old mare hitched to the sweep, it was Abe's duty to keep the old horse going around and around. Abe was urging the old mare to go rather fast, saying, "Get up, you old huzzy," when she kicked him, knocking him senseless. The miller sent for Abe's father, Thomas Lincoln, then they took Abe home and all night he lay in an unconscious condition. At dawn he awoke saying, "Get up, you old huzzy." His stepmother, Sarah Rush Lincoln, predicted that some day her stepson, Abe, would have a tragic ending.

Abe was always good to his father and stepmother. Before leaving them to seek his own career, he did all that he could toward settling them on a farm.

Rockport, Spencer County, Historic Society has recently put on a Pageant symbolic of the 100th anniversary of Lincoln's flat boat trip to New Orleans with Allen Gentry. The name of this Pageant was "When Lincoln Went Flatboating from Rockport." Mr. Taylor C. Basye, merchant, and the leading public spirited citizens of Rockport, President of the Spencer County Historical Society, did much to put this over. Mrs. Calder Ehrman was the author. This pageant was presented on July 4th, 1928 at Rockyside Park, under the auspices of the Indiana Lincoln Memorial Association. Many of the old neighbors, sons, and daughters, of the Lincolns took part in the pageant and some of the Gentry family also took part.

VI.

LINCOLN, A PRODUCT OF BOOKS

Young Abe educated himself through the use of a few good books. He stands out the greatest example of this fact—that one can educate oneself. Then, his contact with men later on gave him opportunity. That this foundation was made in Southern Indiana, should not be overlooked.

His first contact with the law was his being arrested by the Dill Brothers the licensed ferrymen of the Ohio at the Mouth of Anderson Creek, where it empties into the Ohio River. When he was arrested Lincoln, being ignorant of the law, was acquitted by Squire Pate of Kentucky. The trial took place in old Squire Pate's house, a few miles below, "The Lincoln Ferry" on the Kentucky side. The Squire freed him because of his honest and frank manner. Young Abe often rowed across the Ohio to read Squire Pate's law books. They became friends. His ignorance of law made him search for the truth. Young Abe of yesterday, and young "Lindy" (Lindbergh) of today, did their own thinking. Hence they were philosophers and not parrots. Neither were they products of chance or luck, but of pluck and determination. Kentucky had jurisdiction over the Indiana Water line. Hence, this trial was held in Kentucky just above Lewisport.

VII.

SHAKESPEARE AND LINCOLN, MEN OF THE AGES

That Shakespeare and Lincoln were men destined to be born for all time, is proved by the self evident fact, that there are more characters of the kind Shakespeare created living today, than in his day.

Shakespeare absented himself from home and family for eight years in London. After this length of time he returned and took up his parental duty, and atonement as it were, losing his only son and one of his daughters, which has seemed to have made him have a greater and sweeter sympathy. Lincoln's sorrows were similar, losing his mother, at the age of about ten years, his sister Sarah soon after, and later Ann Rutledge, the girl at New Salem, Illinois, whom he loved devotedly. Having lost what was so vital to him, brought out the universal love and after the recent war, all nations were clamoring for his great democracy. Especially was it noticable in the English, as every Englishman had his name written on their hearts. It is interesting to know that Mordacai Lincoln, the first ancestor came from England to America. That Shakespeare today, has as much for this generation as the past, and the great appeal for Lincoln's Democracy by the Nations, is proof that they were men destined to be created for all time. Their sorrows sweetened rather than hardened them, and they were two of the greatest souls the world has ever known.

VIII.

LINCOLN AND LINDBERGH

Grandview, Spencer County, Indiana is celebrated for being the historic site of an old camp ground where long rows of cabins and tents housed the ministers and people who attended the meetings, lasting for weeks, when ministers of all denominations filled the pulpit, and when political issues were a side-line. It was here in the open under great groves of trees, that Southern Indiana inhabitants heard the gospel in a broad way. Hence the great universal spirit from young Abe Lincoln's day makes this a place where people are opened minded. That they still catch the spirit of big things in the world today is manifest in the fact that The Grandview High School graduating class, three weeks after young Lindbergh made his non-stop flight, had coined, and made as their class slogan "Let's Live Like Lindy."

IX.

THE OHIO RIVER HIGHWAY

A tourist passing over the Louisville and Paducah, Kentucky, Highway, by auto, which is only partly finished, sees many many landmarks of yesterday.

An old well, by the roadside, with the windlass that refreshed travelers on horseback, etc. occasionally refreshes the auto driver of today. An old bell suspended from a forked post, once a small tree, about forty feet high with a wire to ring it, reminds one that it once called the slaves to dinner from the fields.

The tobacco fields, through which we pass are not tended by the colored people as in yesterday.

The house-boats are seen occasionally on the shore of the beautiful Ohio but not so numerous as in former

days. The new mode of travel is a house on wheels. A family in a small house on a truck from Florida, are seen motoring along enjoying this scenery just above Hawesville, Hancock County, Kentucky, which is said to be one of the most beautiful spots between Louisville, and Paducah.

On the Indiana side of the River the beautiful cliffs, bluffs, with green trees, trumpet vines, etc. overlooking Horeshoe Bend on the Indiana side, is often spoken of as "The beautiful Ohio, the Hudson of the West." Then miles or more below here is seen the Indian Mound, bluffs with natural rooms in the cliffs where Gypsies camped. Seven hundred feet from the river's base is a sight that holds one's attention. Tourists often climb to the top to hunt Indian arrow heads and to view Kentucky's wonderful landscape.

Yesterday, a great excavation in the top of the mound was used to burn logs, making a great fire, as a signal to the rest of the Braves that they were going on the Warpath.

Many gentlemen farmers of this early day named the landings from their family name, namely, Gage's Landing, Cotton's Landing and the Landing at the mouth of Anderson Creek, Lincoln Bridge and Ferry. Great warehouses on the shore at the Landings with double doors at either end so teams could drive through and empty their loads of hay, grain, etc. stored the grain until it could be shipped on the steamboats. It was at this historic landing that young Abe Lincoln's eyes were opened to greater navigation on rivers.

X

LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS

Douglas, the little orator, of more means than Lincoln, came riding in a band wagon with pomp and array. But Lincoln, the giant, and rugged pine of the American forest, came in a most humble manner, sometimes riding a mule to reach his destination. This reminds one of a picture in the Bible. It was this humble spirit that made Lincoln the greater personality. He was not seeking alone self ends, but to uphold what he considered right. Being a student of the Bible and Skakespeare, therefore, he could face the problems of life, for he was to himself true and, therefore, was not false to any man or any issue of his day.

It seems in the order of Providence he came "A Heaven inspired man, to guide in the time of America's greatest crisis" when he says "I know there is a God and he hates injustice and slavery" "I am nothing, but Truth is everything." Here we see the man universal and eternal, far surpassing Douglas in the end. Douglas was made Senator in their race for this high calling, but Lincoln was willing to exercise the great fortitude in his character and await future development—in his own words "Wait God's time." This method of procedure is in great contrast to the short cut method of today.

Lincoln with his magnanimous spirit was always ready to forgive any wrong. It is easy for those who have seen Drinkwater's play, when he extends his hand to his great enemy, to see on this occasion the hearty hand shake of Lincoln. This picture of the two giants, unites them as great friends, because they agreed on the great principle of Federal Union. So the little giant, Douglas, now becomes as Lincoln has beautifully remarked—"His first enlisted soldier in his cause for The Union.

Douglas with his magnanimity toward his former rival, now goes to speak for Lincoln and the Union. It is a touching scene when Douglas, after his last speech for the American Union, contracts a severe cold from which he never recovered. Lincoln's great heart was wrought with grief, so it was that our two greatest statesmen in the history of yesterday, built on the solid rock of freedom for Union of the States.

XI.

A LINCOLN RELIC IN A SHAKESPEARE SHRINE

Edwin Booth, brother of Lincoln's assassin, carried a crayon of the Log Cabin which Lincoln called home to England. (After the Civil War, Edwin Booth, the assassin's brother was an admirer of Lincoln.) It was taken to England for safety by his friends, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. Sir Henry Irving handed this over to the Shakespeare Memorial Association. The crayon drawing was dated 1865.

XII.

THE LINCOLN SPIRIT

The Lincoln spirit in the heart of every American today would do much to bring world Peace. Two statues of Abraham Lincoln were made in competition for erection in London, one by Saint Gaudens and the other by George Gray Barnard. The committee selected the work of Saint Gaudens, but later Charles P. Taft offered the Barnard statue to the City of Manchester and it was accepted. September 15th it was unveiled and the address of presentation was made by Alton B. Parker.

XIII.

LEGENDS OF THE LINCOLN BRIDGE

The point of land to the right of the Lincoln Bridge, going up the River Road was used as a burial ground for bodies that were drowned in the Ohio River. Stories of this made school children leery about passing over it, especially about dusk. If they were coming over the Bridge, on reaching the Spencer County end or buttress, they would make a double quick gait for fear the ghost of the dead would appear. Only a short distance from this end of the bridge was an old shack, of one room, in which lived a very old woman whom the children called Aunt Harriet. Sometimes a frightened child would take refuge, for a few minutes, at Aunt Harriet's hut. These children were generally from the homes of the better class whose mothers would send them with food for Aunt Harriet. After a word or two with Aunt Harriet they regained their courage to return home. Some of these children imagined they saw black ghosts while on their way to Aunt Harriet's. They were told that colored people were buried near there among the white people.

Old Aunt Harriet looked most like a witch herself. Eighty years old, and stooped, wearing a small red shawl which covered her head.

Kindly neighbors kept Aunt Harriet supplied with food. As for fuel, she gathered drift wood from the Ohio banks. She put one end of the wood into the queer open stove and as it burned off she would push the unburnt section in.

One day Aunt Harriet called upon one of the school girls, eleven years of age, to write a letter to a distant relative of hers. The child took the pen in her hand, and with a feeling of fear she went about her task. Aunt Harriet insisted that the letter commence "I take my pen in hand, etc." The child supressed a smile and, pretending she was writing as Aunt Harriet dic-

tated, she wrote the letter in better form. When Aunt Harriet requested her to read the letter, the child had to think quickly and read what Aunt Harriet had dictated to her. After the ordeal was over the young girl was glad to leave and relate her experience which afforded much amusement.

Aunt Harriet considered the school girls Angels of Mercy, for although they only remained a short time with her they did keep her supplied with food. Sometimes when her food supply gave out, she would come with her basket and pail for food and milk. Aunt Ann always had plenty to give old Aunt Harriet for she owned two-hundred acres of farm land, and other unfortunates like Aunt Harriet, and worse off than she, clustered about her door. None went away empty handed.

Aunt Ann was the most intelligent woman of the vicinity. Her maternal and paternal people had been pioneer lawyers and doctors, descendants of the first English emigrants in northwest. If a child had a spasm or met with an accident, Aunt Ann was always called to administer first-aid. She was a natural born physician. She was also called upon to make medicine, home made remedy. Today she would have made a graduate woman physician and been given a license to practice. There were many other pioneer characters dwelling in this sacred historic spot, where young Abe Lincoln ran the Anderson Creek Ferry.

XIV.

NO LOOKING-GLASSES IN THE DAYS OF LINCOLN

In young Abe's day there were no looking-glasses in his home, he saw his reflection only in the water of the streams where he and his sister Sarah watched tadpoles turn to frogs.

XV.

LINCOLN'S CLOTHING MATERIAL

In the winter young Abe wore buckskin breeches that his mother made for him. His coat was made from deerskin, and his cap was made of coonskin. In the summer time he wore homespun breeches. It mattered little to Abe what he wore as his mind was constantly on the higher things of life, spiritual and intellectual, and not the material.

XVI.

TEACHERS, NORMAL SCHOOL GRADUATES

The district school of thirty or more years ago, near the Lincoln Ferry over Anderson Creek, had teachers that were graduates of the State Normal School and who were capable of teaching the languages, as well as other subjects.

XVII.

FISHING-HOOKS FOR GIRL

Pupils from the District School which was near the Anderson Creek, often fished in this Creek, using pin hooks and minnows. In 1844, Lincoln visited the scenes of his boyhood. When in this section, Lincoln saw children fishing. He noticed that one little girl had no fishing hook. Without making himself known he watched them for a short while and then, without a word, took a pin and made a hook for the little girl so she, too, could join in with the rest of the children. She was very happy and upon returning home told her parents. Upon hearing the description of this man, they told her that it must have been Abe Lincoln who was visiting the scenes of his childhood. Doing things for others without making it known was a characteristic of Abe Lincoln. Another story is told of how he walked a lengthy distance for medicine for a child. The grand-daughter of this pioneer physician recalls her father relating the incident which occurred in Troy. It is easy to see how mythology adds to Aunt Ann's many stories of Southern Hoosierland.

XVIII.

LINCOLN AS A MAN

Lincoln always looked at questions from both sides. Then he would ponder and meditate as to whether it was right and just to all concerned, including his country and humanity. This made him the leader he became during the Civil War who decided more great issues of the day than any other man. A character which being an obedient servant to his God, made him through God's providence, a Saul—that piloted us safely through the great crisis of the Civil War. Without the influence of this man, who had many trials, much persecution and always adhered to his duty, American history might read differently. There are some Americans today who judge this great man wrongly. Their remarks are un-American. At a time in the world affairs when we are seeking Universal Peace, some Americans might be of more influence if they would clear their minds of prejudice which is so deadly to world issues. One of the saddest pictures in American History, is Lincoln—the great lonely pine—as he stood at the White House window (alone save one) and looked out at the volunteers as they marched through streets of Washington at the beginning of the Civil War. It is a sad fact but true that great characters, far in advance of their time, must suffer persecution. He was thinking of humanity. To one of understanding they could see the seriousness of the deep sunken eyes—a mark of sincerity, always—the expression of Universal sympathy which revealed a soul that had touched humanity at all points.

Because of Lincoln's being the student of two great books, the Bible and Shakespeare, he became the great interpreter of moral law in his day.

His deep broad living conscience, his great reason, told him what was true and right, for his conscience echoed back the decision and it was this point that

made largely the Universal man a hundred years ago. It also made him the man who decided new American problems during the Civil War. Strangest and saddest of all is that universal characters are so far seeing that in their day they are misunderstood.

For the great Emancipator had something to say on every issue of his day. He would not side-step any issue, but he was a good loser. In defeat for the Senate his fortitude brought him the Presidency. Who in American statesmanship or in other places of life has such fortitude today?

Since Lincoln was the great interpreter of moral law, with his prophetic vision, the World Court, with its broad power would appeal to him. Certainly, if he were here, he would face this great question, without shirking, with the true Lincoln spirit, of Brotherhood of Man, regardless of race, color or servitude. Such an attitude might go far to unite the nations of the world in peace.

There is something finer in America today than the expression "America First" and that is the Lincoln spirit.

That American people of today owe the Great Emancipator a debt of gratitude, is found in the fact that he preserved the Union, and the American home in the great drama of the Civil War, closing with the divine sentiment—"With malice toward none, but charity for all." It seems fitting that American people of today should emulate this spirit for Universal Peace, cradled in Lincoln's youth, in Southern Hoosierland.

The formative years of Abraham's life were spent in Spencer County. Here he worked, studied, played and grew to manhood. He witnessed his parent's struggle against the virgin wilderness and saw childhood fade with the death of his mother. When he bade farewell to Indiana he went to Illinois almost, if not entirely, equipped for the great work that lay before him. Kentucky gave him birth, Illinois gave him his political career, but Indiana molded the man and here in Indiana he learned, from our forefathers the art of living, and in a noble way.

As an act of patriotism the citizens of Rockport and Spencer County portray this pageant every second year as a living memorial to his memory and that of their own ancestors. Most of all the parts are taken by the descendants of those pioneer men and women who lived here and were friends of the Lincolns.

The pageant ground is the spot in Rockport, on the beautiful Ohio, where Abraham Lincoln, at the age of nineteen years, had the first great adventure of his life, going with Allen Gentry on Gentry's flatboat to New Orleans to market the Gentry produce.

XIX.

INTERESTING FACTS IN INDIANA HISTORY

Two interesting facts in Indiana History are that Lincoln came to settle there in 1816, just three months before Indiana was admitted to the Union on December 16th, 1816. He settled near Gentryville, which is now Lincoln City, Spencer County, Indiana.

[1]It was in this part of Indiana that there were organized travelling libraries in the early days. Perhaps Rockport, Spencer County, had a library as early as 1819. Young Abe Lincoln may have borrowed books from this library, as it is only seventeen miles from his cabin.

The Constitution of Indiana was loaned Abraham Lincoln by an old neighbor, David Turnham, and he studied this thoroughly, which helped to make him the character that upheld the American Constitution in Civil War days. Perhaps in this modern day, in the late oratorical contest for young people, another genius may bloom forth from this State. We wonder if there be any American living today with so keen a conscience for the Constitution as Lincoln. There is an Elm tree called the Famous Constitution Elm under whose spreading branches the constitution of Indiana was formed in 1816. It is a reminder of early days. Although about dead, the trunk will be saved as a sacred mark of history. It will be encased in a glass house. The limbs and branches will be saved as souvenirs under the direction of the state forester.

While only seventy miles from the New Harmony center of culture and education in the "Penny-rile" District of Southern Indiana, Abe Lincoln struggled for self-education. In those days this section of the

[1]Traveling libraries organized in an early date; not positive where.

United States was known as "The Wilderness." It is now in the Club District of Southern Indiana, where genius has seemed to thrive and gone out to enrich the country and the world. Therefore, young Abe was the greatest Hoosier. If the "Penny-rile" soil didn't produce abundant crops of grain, it did produce crops of character. Aside from the state of Virginia, Indiana sent out more than any other state—many characters, men and women, who did much to uphold civilization.

The First Club District, in Southern Indiana, was Spencer County. Spencer County and Vanderburgh County, the only two counties of this section bordering on the Ohio, nutured our beloved Abraham Lincoln during the formative period of his life, and sent him forth a genius who had read twelve books, little knowing the great part he would play in the history of his country. In this "Wilderness," this "Hoosier" genius In this "Wilderness," this "Hoosier" district genius seems to have thrived and to spread out to enrich the whole country and the world, years before it was known as "The First Indiana Club District."

XX.

ABE'S INSPIRATION TO SPENCER COUNTY YOUTHS

Spencer County youths of today might be inspired to repeat young Abe's action. We refresh our memories with the fact that Washington's Life by Weems came into young Abe's possession and after having devoured its contents, helped make him the one destined to uphold the Constitution in his day. Little do we know where God produces genius. Poverty, clean poverty, of Lincoln's youth, was better than being born with a silver spoon in one's mouth. To be able to overcome obstacles, is to be born with a "Golden Opportunity." After all, one can make of him or herself just what they will to have—provided it is a will directed by divine will as was young Abe.

He was made a serious boy, far in advance of his years. His first memories was visiting the grave of his brother left in Kentucky, at seven, with poor Nancy. Then when he left Indiana after having spent fourteen years in Spencer County, he left behind the grave of his mother Nancy Hanks, and his sister. By the influence of his godly mother, and stepmother, he became a student of the Bible at an early age. He seemed to commune with the trees, and stars, seeing God in all things. The love of the forest and out door living seems to make godly characters. Some people were quite sure Abe Lincoln would eat with his knife. One of these same people had the shock of his life one day, when a new door keeper let him in a room where Lincoln in the White House was eating beans for his lunch. The large hand with his fork was used very skillfully.

The many characters that have gone out in the world since Lincoln's Day from the "Pennyrile Hills," Spencer and Perry Counties,—The Lincoln Ferry Country—are found in the unexpected places. They

are usually loved and respected for their kindness which is innate.

One that has lived in this sacred historic spot doesn't need to stretch his imagination far to guess where they will go in the hereafter.

Those who do not know of the heritage of this District of the United States ought to know that since early river traffic and the day of the steamboat—it was far ahead in progress of many towns and cities of later day.

It has produced as much or more character in pioneer and present days than many sections of the United States. The Central United States may produce fine live stock and blue grass but the "Pennyrile Hills" of the Ohio has produced writers, and statesmen in great numbers. Their love of Home, the first basic principle of a nation, is a natural consequence. Today, it is an inspiration to see the families gather around the piano and sing with the grandparents.

Spencer and Perry Counties in fact Southern Hoosierland was considered by a liberty bond chairman during the war, one of the most patriotic districts in the State.

Aunt Ann of Indiana often told the children stories of Civil War days as to how the citizens answered by volunteering to Lincoln's call for men. Perhaps few counties equalled these from this District.

In the late world war they responded to call for Democracy. Spencer County had many captains overseas. One Spencer County family near the Lincoln Ferry gave six sons for the War of late Democracy. Four of them stood six feet tall. One couldn't help but see how they would surpass the Ex-German rulers' six sons. They weren't so green as some considered them when it came to bravery, and sharp shooting. It is at first thought a rather strange coincidence—that from this part of the United States which is the

beginning of "Pennyrile" District—came James Bethel Gresham, the first American to fall— to make the supreme sacrifice that Democracy might live. He was from Evansville, Indiana.

That the liberty loan sales from this place was first is proof that it is one of the most patriotic places in the United States of America. Therefore, it is with just pride and appreciation that citizens carry on the heritage of this fine spirit. The foundation of which was the great basic principal of love of "Home, God, and Country."

In the recent campaign when Hoover and Borah were speaking on the great issue of the farm problem and the American home, many hearts, especially, those from this section, were thrilled with vision, responding with feeling so deep that it was greater than mere applause.

Even tears of joy ran down the cheeks of some former Hoosiers as the words Hoover on the home, returned them again to scenes of their childhood home, where people live their democracy in this sacred spot, where the feet of young Abe Lincoln trudged over the Pennyrile Hills that he might rise to the highest place in American life, the Presidential chair. Hoover struck the ideal of all American life in his appeal for the home problems. Therefore, characters born in the "Pennyrile Hills" of Southern Indiana more especially if one was born in a double log house, weather boarded and white washed with a coral honey suckle running around the double porch, must make good in the world. For, people born in such houses have ever been great because their parents taught them to perpetuate this heritage. To see the Bible and Shakespeare on the old sitting room table, first objects you behold and learn to love; mother with her knitting which she lays down to read the Bible to the children; all kneeling before their chairs while mother offers prayer before the family retire; is a picture of character and responsibility which was instilled into the lives of these people.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Lincoln was not lazy minded. Hoosiers sharpened minds by homely wit. Young Abe Lincoln sharpened his mind as well as his axe. Their jovial jest started the day pleasantly.

XXI.

ABE'S FIRST CONCEPTION OF CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS

When young Abe was a small boy he went to church for the first time, or rather to camp meeting, for there were no churches in his home town. One day he listened to the tales told by a trapper, who had been to a "little mud hole," called Chicago and to a trading post on the Mississippi called St. Louis.

XXII.

WHIPPED FOR AN ACT OF KINDNESS

Abe could not bear to see anything hurt and once let a baby bear out of the trap which his father had set. For this act of kindness, Abe was beaten by his father. In those days children were beaten when they disobeyed their parents.

XXIII.

LEGEND OF THE LINCOLN FERRY

Old Aunt Harriet's death occured in the fall, when an older girl of the District School, a ring leader at the noon hour, took all the younger pupils to see the corpse, which was almost criminal, for the younger children, a few little girls, were hysterical. The teacher had nothing but commotion that whole afternoon. Younger sisters were clinging to the elder

sisters, the older girl who had taken them to view Aunt Harriet's remains was reprimanded by the teacher and on reaching her home was given such a lecture she has not forgotten it today. The younger sister of seven woke up at night and screamed at horrible dreams. This plucky older girl was of real value when any danger came in the children's path. A snake, or a fierce dog, she protected them from. She could dispatch a snake very quickly, while the younger, more cowardly, would stand at a distance on the fence. However, as she grew up she became a woman of courage and ability. She was the one with the old dog Naylor when we came to the covered bridge over Anderson Creek, the younger children bringing up the rear. The old dog Naylor, the pioneer type of dog, kept close to the girl leader, killing snakes by grabbing them by the back of the neck and shaking them until dead. He was not unlike the big dog that came with Tom Lincoln's family to southern Indiana. Young Abe went back for this dog when he was left howling on the opposite side of the creek they had forded.

Mark Twain's stories of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn were not more adventurous than this eldest daughter of Aunt Ann of Indiana. Her younger sister, timid and quiet, was born in April and that may had something to do with her timidity, but on the other hand, the other sister, born in March, was as brave as a lion, and yet some of her pranks were injurious to the less courageous. A small snake that she had killed she would pretend to throw at them. The younger sister, only 7, ran screaming and almost fainting to a neighbor's home. She was severely chastised for this. With a big stick in her hand the girl leader would repeat "March, forward, etc." One thing we are certain a few of the younger children will never forget that they saw, the corpse of old Aunt Harriet. It left a memory with the younger children that caused many a bad dream.

Aunt Ann deprived her eldest daughter the pleasure of a candy pull Saturday night, which cured her of taking the younger children to see corpses.

On the ledge of the rocks, at the foot of the bluffs, not far from the school house and the home of Aunt Ann of Indiana, this elder girl called her band together for counsel, sometimes to go on a paw-paw hunt or a persimmon hunt, owing to the season of the year. She would repeat the lines of Tennyson's Light Brigade. "What a charge they made!"

One day when this girl leader rowed out into the Ohio in a small dinky boat, to ride the waves of the steamboat Aunt Ann was frantic when she beheld her children in midstream in a small dinky boat. She was deprived of many pleasures for doing this and promised that she would never repeat it. She was plucky and persevered in her studies, making good in her school work, graduating with honors that partly paid her mother for the many pranks she played when a child.

The girl leader announced to her band, "We will play around the branch like young Lincoln and his sister Sarah." The children were getting crayfish out of the branch and putting them in their dinnerpails. The younger sister put her hand in the water and screaming jerked it out, a large crayfish had pinched her hand. The elder sister pulled it off quietly, and said "Oh, come on, don't be afraid, young Abe and his sister were not afraid of crayfish."

NOTE: The better class of people lived back on the hills from the Lincoln Ferry. The school house, too, was on the edge of the village, away from the landing and the river.

XXIV.

MOTHER'S DAY

(S. Louise (Cotton) Marsh)

It is "Mother's Day" and back we come
To the dear old family lot—
For the trail was long on the lost pathway
To the dear old hallowed spot.
Though gone from her for many years
We have dreamed of mother's face
And joyed to wear the red, red rose
For her, in the old home place.

The sunset way may soon be hers
For she is growing old:
May we not fill her listening ear
With loving tales, retold?
Before white roses mourn her death
Let's make her pathway glad
With fragrant blossoms make each year
The best she ever had.

Written on Mother's Day, 1924, on Lincoln Ferry Country Home and dedicated to Aunt Ann of Indiana and all pioneer Hoosier Mothers.

XXV.

THE LINCOLN HANDSHAKE

(*S. Louise* (*Cotton*) *Marsh*)

If Lincoln were here, ah, now what would he do—
Give a hearty hand-clasp to each one of you,
With heart-understanding, to each in the land—
All races and colors—he'd stretch for a hand
And all nations to gather in this gracious deed
Would find a rare symbol of world-peace—our need.

If Lincoln were here he would smile and would say,
"Come, brother, shake hands in the old-fashioned way.
Let no artificiality mar the good grip
As the cup of world-friendship shall touch every lip.
Divided we fall, but united, we stand.
Is as true of the world as it is of our land.

If Lincoln were here, more loud than his word
Would his kind action speak, in whatever occurred.
The touch of his hand-clasp, the voice of his prayer
Would give the world courage to wrestle with care.
For he would petition the surcease of hate,
The rock that is threathening our good ship of State.

(*This poem is internationally known.*)

XXVI.

LINCOLN, IDEAL POOR YOUTH

(We rank him with our Holy Dead.)

(S. Louise (Cotton) Marsh)

No, Lincoln's childhood knew no wealth,
He felt the pinch of want and pain
There was so much in life to learn
That often struggle seemed in vain.
He plodded on through weary years
That want might flee his cabin door
To fill his purse, with courage fine,
He strongly plied the ferry oar.
No work too humble or too hard
Upon his lonely upward way
So it was such that as he worked,
He did not feel ashamed to pray
For with a courage born of God
At early dawning of each morn
He did the duty that was his,
Careless, it seemed of praise or scorn.

But he kept vision in his heart,
He ever lent a helping hand
An through his very suffering
He came to know and understand.
Deep in the recess of his soul,
And ardent love of country grew
Innate in him that ancient type
Of sturdy manhood, fine and true;
"Malice toward none, and charity—"
The breathing spirit of his life
That lent a tenderness that glows
Through all those bitter years of strife.
We rank him with our holy dead
And celebrate his birthday so
That all may feel his spirit lives
And sheds a sunset of afterglow.

XXVII.

THE HOOSIER WELCOME

(*S. Louise (Cotton) Marsh*)

Have you ever been in Indiana
And clasped the good old Hoosier hand?
It's a handshake kind and firm and hearty—
That kind that real folks can understand.

Oh, there is no formality about it—
It's "Howdy, Sue" or "Howdy, Dick" or "John"
We're mighty glad to see you here, my comrades,
And how are all your folks a-comin' on?"

With them, there is no "elevated angle"
To any good old Hoosier's hearty shake—
No pantomine, no fuss, and no fandango
No nonsense and no high-brow sort of fake.

You meet there with your neighbors, on the level
In every blessed Indiana town—
And what a heart-felt thrill their welcome gives you
Be you Cabot, Lowell, Jones or Smith or Brown.

Oh, it is mighty fine to just be living
When in dear old Indiana one may roam
For there is such a Hoosier welcome given
That it makes a body sort of "feel at home."

They tell us that inside the old log-cabin
Where latch-strings hung outside spelled "welcome in"
The host would call "Who's there" to any knocking
And since then good old "Hoosiers" they have been.

So ring out three times three for Indiana
The land of Hospitality and cheer
Where "Who's there" has long since been captioned
"Hoosier"
And friends are welcomed back from far and near

XXVIII.

LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

(William Knox)

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall molder to dust and together shall die.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and review the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye! they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transcient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and shroud,—
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Lincoln kept this poem near him and read it so often it was thought he wrote it. It was set to music during the Civil War in his honor. When it was sung the first time he said with tears streaming down his face "play it again."

FINIS



After looking at the 2 biographies —
The best one for which I asked & ~~&~~ has mottled cover green & brown — better paper & etc. The other vol. has plain brown cover.

The Nat. Magna Charta Society Philadelphia — has 2 books from the Pioneer Lawyers Libras. & L. L

After looking at the 2 biographies —
The best one for which Parks & Co
has matted cover — green & brown —
better paper etc. The other vol. has
plain brown cover.

The Nat. Magna Char. Soc. of
Philadelphia — has 2 books from
the Times Law Library — S. Dak —
It had one the largest libraries
in this part of Indiana.

Will Jim you — The two reg biographies
& copy New York —
Jenny Lee Linen

for Hobby Horse — Engine Co.
They want one
Am only a week & a half — here,
then go to Hobby Horse.
We are a family belong to

Am here at 1579 Bellevue av.
St. Louis Mo.
my own home for few days —
go to Kirkwood, my home in few days —

Either add — will reach me — Kirkwood —
a suburban town —

Kirkwood, Mo.

345 – Argyle Av.

Sept. 29th – 1938

My dear Madam! —

I have two old biographies of Lincoln – published 1865 —

Joseph Barrett, Pension agent the author of both.

One came from Pioneer Lawyers Library, Perryville Ind. where Lincoln spent his formative years — This has strong binding – both books in good condition with name of Pioneer family – in it, Price – $ 8.00 — The other 5.00

Then I have small vol –

Young Abe Lincoln – by Susan F. Marsh – have sold 5 copies –

From the official Lincoln album also – a 400 page book – Lincoln Jokes. Then a copy of Lincoln's letter to Gen. Hooker – from Abraham Lincoln & his old neighbor in Pioneer Co, Ind.

Have several letters Civil War Letters – Receipt

Susan F. Marsh

The Biography – 2 vol 8.00 – one illustrated. both have illustrations

Moore Publishing Co, Cincinnati O. 1865 —

You see, my 2 year old granddaughter – sat in my car – while I wrote this, (over)

Have several letters Civil War
Recpt
Susan L Nash
The Biography - I ask $8.00 - has
illustrations. both have illustrations
Moore + Baldwin - The publishers -
innatti + N.Y - The two biographies -
You see, my 2 year old grand-
daughter - was in my care - while I
wrote this, (other)